

Why Marriage to Multimillionaire May Turn Out No Rosy Dream

*The Cruel Disappointments of
Mrs.
Albert
Gallatin Wheeler, Jr.,
Which Led Her Down
from the Position of
Pampered Bride
of Riches to Unloved
Poverty in a Former
Servant's Home*

by MRS. ALBERT GALLATIN
WHEELER, Jr.

GIRLS, don't!
Or if you do, be as businesslike
with your multi-millionaire before
marriage as he is sure to be afterward.
Secure a settlement as soon as you se-
cure his proposal.

Life in marble halls is not always a rosy
dream. It is more likely to develop into
a nightmare of blood red or ink colored
hues. I will tell you later on of a marble
house that came near crushing every drop
of blood out of my heart by its weight.

A multi-millionaire may be a builder in
business, but he may also be a destroyer
in his home. By marrying a multi-million-
aire I ruined my career, destroyed my
health and happiness and my prospects of
either success or happiness.

The multi-millionaire is often a faddist.
His wife is apt to be his fad, and to pass
from sight and memory, as fads do, when
they have had their little day.

The man of millions seeks, as a rule, to

mother and sister to call on mine, and he
gave a box party one night, that his
parents might hear me sing. Unthink-
ingly I wore my engagement ring. The elder
Mr. Wheeler seeing it, said: "Bert, it ap-
pears Miss Carlstedt is engaged, and it
wouldn't be hard to guess to whom." That
ring revealed the secret we were on the
verge of disclosing.

I was playing the next week in Scranton.
The elder Mr. Gallatin came over to see
me. He said:

"Miss Carlstedt, I am willing you should
marry my son. I believe you would make
him a good wife. But I feel that it is my
duty to warn you. He is a faddist. He
won't stick."

In the confidence of youth I answered:
"O, Mr. Wheeler! You don't know your
son."

The smile with which the elder Mr.
Wheeler greeted this speech was a prophe-
cy, had I but known.

My parents went back to Chicago for
a few weeks. Thus the actual obstacle to
our marriage was removed, and the mar-
riage took place in the apartments of the
elder Wheelers, in March, following the
May in which we met.

Mamma Wheeler at once took me under
her wing. It was an ample wing, she
weighing 250 pounds. But I accommodated
my proportions happily to it, for she was
the mother of my adored bridegroom, the
man whom I called "My Angel from
Heaven."

Mamma Wheeler wanted me to become
domestic. I was more than willing. She
wished us to be installed at once in a
home. She said: "Unless you have the
common interest of a home, you will not
be as close to each other as a husband
and wife should." I agreed. The day after
our wedding we went house hunting. We
decided upon a furnished flat somewhere
in the Eighties. Mother Wheeler bought
a whole mountain of table linen, and I
hemmed and embroidered it. That kept
me busy for three months. When Sum-
mer came we went with the elders to
Lake Champlain.

We stopped at a hotel. There it was
that the campaign of criticism began. I
was identified in many minds with the
song: "O, Love Divine," which Mr. Her-
bert had written for me. When I would
pass through the great hall leading to
the dining room the orchestra would strike
up the strains of "O, Love Divine."

This annoyed Mamma Wheeler. She
would say: "O, Claudia, I am so sorry you
were an actress. People look at you so.
Please come into the dining room through
the piazza window."

When we came back to town Mamma
Wheeler's complaints grew louder. She
said: "I hate to go to Sherry's with Bert
and his wife. Claudia is so conspicuous."
At the opera she complained that people
stared at us because I was conspicuous.

My education in domesticity continued.
Mamma Wheeler taught me to darn table
linen. Being a Pennsylvania Dutch woman,
she was frugal. When Albert and I bought
a country place, Fairfield, in Connecticut,
just across the line from New York, we had
fourteen servants, but I hemmed and ar-
ranged all the curtains for our huge house.
Three hundred yards of silk I made into
curtains, and one thousand yards of other
silk for draperies, couch covers and so on.
I worked for weeks turning the new satin
finished brass mantels and fixtures into
properly old verdigris tinted ones, by ap-
plying mixtures. I even mounted the
scaffolding and painted panels.

Why? Because the shadow that lies
upon so many multi-millionaires' homes had
already fallen upon mine, the shadow of
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Mrs. Albert Gallatin Wheeler, Jr., in Her Wedding Dress



Mr. Albert Gallatin Wheeler, Jr.

enforced economy. My husband would
say: "Claudia, my clubs and things are
costing me a great deal of money. We
must tell father that the decorations of
this house are costing all that."

So I turned interior decorator, and
"father" paid for the "clubs and things,"
thinking he was paying for "interior
decorations." It was the same about
clothes. Often the gowns that my mother-
in-law complained were conspicuous and
must be extravagant, were made at home.

My husband never gave me a nickel. Not
a cent. I had carte blanche at the stores.
But if I asked my husband for money he
would say: "O, get it at the store and
have it charged."

And I was not alone in my plight.
Three-quarters of the wives of the wealthy
men who visited us were as poor as I.

When I needed money I used to borrow
a half dollar or a quarter from my maid.
Once I told Mr. Wheeler that I owed
Annie \$5. He was angry. Annie said:

"Please never tell Mr. Wheeler again.
If you owe me \$5 again we'll let it go
till Christmas. Then the \$10 that he
gives me for a Christmas gift will cover it."

If I went downtown in our motor car
and did not return in it I would have to
order a taxicab and let the man at the gate
of the Dakota pay the fare. It was the
same way at our country place. We en-
tertained a great deal, always at week-
ends. We had fourteen horses and car-
riages and often we would have all of
them out to take our guests to the station.
Yet her hostess was literally penniless.

Bert began to stay from home a great
deal. Night after night he would stay
away until three in the morning. I was
so racked by nervous fears for his safety
that a faithful housemaid used to come
to the room and share it with me until
she heard him returning.

Gradually I came to understand. It was
through Papa Wheeler the unwelcome light
broke. I overheard him talking to Bert.
Distinctly these words came to me:

"Bert, I saw you driving on Fifth Ave-
nue yesterday with (He mentioned a cer-
tain woman's name). You must not do
that."

The next morning I went to my husband
and said: "Bert, I heard what Father
Wheeler said to you last evening about
seeing you driving on Fifth Avenue, and
what he thought about it. How can you
act that way?"

"Mind your own business," he said.
"Don't bother about my private affairs."
Then his anger seemed to pass, and he
said: "You may hear a good many things
about me, but they are not true. I have
a double, and am often mistaken for him."

"That's a very poor excuse and unorigi-
nal," I said. "If you have a double your
father wouldn't mistake him for you."

My reward for this perspicacity was a
brutal scene. A physician was sent for.
It took him an hour and a half to bring
me back to consciousness.

Yet I lived with my husband for a year
after that incident. I was a loving woman
and a fool, as loving women are likely to
be.

It was my discovery of a letter written
him by the woman who caused our unhap-
piness that brought the end. She told him
her husband had deserted her in Paris. I
confronted him with the letters. It was
impossible to deny it. He could not. When
I wept and entreated him to cease his un-
faithfulness he invited me to go to another
house. He never came back, and I have
never seen him since that day.

For a time I had a reaction against the
crushing force that had been applied to

my individuality. I did then really wear
conspicuous gowns. There was a famous
"one arm" gown, for instance, that was
very expensive and beautiful and, of
course, conspicuous. It was not so much
a dress as it was a protest.

I sued for a separation and secured it,
with \$10,000 a year alimony. He evaded
payment as often and as long as he could.
To evade paying it he has brought suit
for divorce, which I shall meet in a few
weeks by a counter suit for divorce.

I went to England, but had to come back
to prosecute my suits for unpaid alimony.
I borrowed a hundred dollars to go to Chi-
cago to see my father-in-law; he who had
been my friend had turned against me at
last because of the money.

He said: "Why come to me? Settle this
accounting with your husband."

"Tell me where to find him," I said. "He
has been evading payment. You know
that I can't find him."

He said: "You have been very candid
about your troubles. You have said that
our new marble house had crushed the
blood out of your heart. You made mother
so nervous by that speech that one day
when she was going down the steps to her
carriage she caught sight of the red petals
dropped from a vase of geraniums on the
steps, and she went into hysterics, cry-
ing, 'See. There's the stain of Claudia's
heart blood.' You have cost me \$145,000
since your separation from Bert. I have
spent that for costs and detectives. I'm
going to get you and rid us of the trou-
ble."

"Why do you spend the money? Why
doesn't Bert pay it?" I asked.

"Because I have a mortgage on every-
thing he owns," his father answered.

It was true. Even my personal belong-
ings were included in that mortgage.

To-day I am penniless. My jewels are
all pawned. My wardrobe is in need of re-
pairs, and I can't afford to pay for the re-
pairs. My gloves are worn into holes, not
rips. I could mend them; but holes. I
cannot replace the gloves because my purse
is empty. My trunks are being held at an
hotel for a bill. I am living on One Hun-
dred and Thirty-fourth street, sharing the
humble home of a former servant. My
father suffered a paralytic stroke because
of my troubles.

Thus have I awakened from my rosy
dream of being a multi-millionaire's wife.
Thus I am a warning to girls who are
dreaming such dreams.

Mrs. Wheeler Jr., in the Extraordinary \$10,000 "One Arm" Dress She Bought Because Her
Husband "Was Stingy with Her."

How to Get Your Money's Worth When You Buy Silk, Wool or Linen

ALTHOUGH the law is very strict
on the adulteration of food it
takes practically no notice of
the adulteration of clothing.

Many a fatal case of consumption
has been started by people getting wet
when wearing cheap, shoddy clothing
that has soaked up the rain like a
sponge. Not a week passes but one
reads of some child or other being
fatally burned through wearing flannel-
ette, a material as inflammable as cel-
luloid. Cheap boots, with their spongy,
badly-wearing soles, have sown the
seeds of chronic rheumatism, consump-
tion and other ills in many a young
body that would otherwise have grown
up healthy and strong.

There are two ways by which the
housewife can tell whether she is get-
ting an imitation or the genuine arti-
cle for her money. One is always to
buy from the best dealers, dealers
whose goods have always proved all
that has been asserted for them. The
other, and perhaps the better way, is
to test the goods for herself.

Every housewife should know a few
simple tests for silks, woolsens and
linens. She will certainly be amazed at
the results of her investigation.

The commonest fraud is in the case
of silk. Many people test silk by its
weight. The heavier it is the better,
is the idea of most women, when they
go to buy silk. They will be surprised
to know that raw silk is often so adul-
terated with chemicals that its weight
is more than doubled. Sugar, starch,
tin and other mineral salts are used
for this purpose.

It wouldn't matter so much if these
chemical adulterations improved the

material, but they practically destroy
its wearing properties. In our grand-
mother's days a silk dress would last
a lifetime; now it won't last six months.

Here are two simple ways of testing
silk. Cut off a small piece and boil it
for a quarter of an hour in a weak
solution of caustic potash, which you
can get at any drug store. If it is pure
silk it will be completely destroyed.
If not, what remains will be cotton.

Another way is to place a small
sample in strong hydrochloric or sul-
phuric acid. Pure silk will dissolve in
from two to five minutes, but if it is
adulterated with wool the latter will
remain unaffected.

Blankets, underclothes, and other
dress materials that are sold as pure
wool are often frauds. Cheap woolen
blankets contain, on an average, not
more than fifteen to twenty per cent of
wool. The rest of the material is cot-
ton. The thick woolen effect of these
cheap blankets is obtained by "felting"
short woolen threads on the cotton
cloth by heat, moisture and pressure.

A simple test for wool is to place
a piece of the material in oil of vitriol
for one or two minutes. Then take it
out and wash it thoroughly, taking care
not to get the acid on your hands. Oil
of vitriol will destroy all the cotton
adulteration, while the wool will hard-
ly be affected.

Cheap linen, like cheap wool, has any-
thing up to 50 per cent of cotton in it.
The presence of the cotton can easily be
detected by immersing a piece of the
linen in oil of vitriol for a couple of
minutes, and taking it out and washing
it thoroughly. If it is pure linen, it
will not be affected, but if, as is more
likely, it is adulterated with cotton, it
will be completely spoiled.

make everything over upon his model. It
is the irresistible habit of his mind that
enabled him to make his millions. He
stamps himself deeply upon everything.
That is the reason so many wives of rich
men are nonentities. Once they were indi-
viduals. They may have possessed some
originality. But every atom of it has been
crushed out of them by their dominant
mates. When they have ceased to be
original they become tiresome. Then their
lords, who have made them uninteresting,
seek some other woman to interest them
for a while, and to repeat with her the
process of elimination and annihilation.

Seventeen years ago I was young, was
accounted beautiful, and was declared
talented. Victor Herbert believed suffi-
ciently in the existence of that talent to
write a song for me. He wrote "Love Di-
vine," to fit my voice, and I sang it when
I was prima donna with Frank Daniels, in
"The Idol's Eye." I was happy in my
work and was ambitious. It seemed the
world lay before me, yet I chose a multi-
millionaire!

It was in May, 1898, that I met Albert
Gallatin Wheeler, Jr. We fell in love, and
I was soon the possessor of an engagement
ring. Knowing that my mother would dis-
approve of it, I wore it pinned inside my
waist while I was at home, but as soon
as I got into a car to come downtown, I
used to take it out and slip it on my fin-
ger.

Bert—Mr. Wheeler—used to call on me
in my home in Harlem. Our courting was
done under difficulties. My little sister
stayed in the room. So did Mamma.
Mamma fell asleep sometimes and snored.
There was no use of our trying to meet
at the theatre, for Mamma always went
with me to the theatre and came for me
after the performance.

A last Albert said:
"Claudia, your mother is a born sleuth.
She ought to be on the police force. We
really must get married."

Opposition did not come from his
parents, but from mine. My mother
warned me: "He will make you un-
happy."

But like most young girls I felt much
older than my mother. Albert sent his
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